



The End Of The F*ing World (season 2) fanfic by euglerios**

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Summary: This is the Fan fiction continuation of TEOTFW. Following the adventures of James and Alyssa. In an unfair World in which you would wish its end

1. chapter 1

[James' POV]

I was running. I was hoping for Alyssa to understand.

"James! Stop!" I heard Alyssa crying for me but there is no more turning back.

And I quite know what will happen next. I'll just ready myself.

BANG

[Alyssa's POV]

"James! Stop!" I couldn't held myself back from crying. James? Why, you fuckin' idiot?

I kept on cursing to James because he's so stupid. It was supposed to us, not only him. It was supposed to be the end of our fuckin world .. together.

BANG

I heard a gunshot. Then James fell down.

"Why did you shot him? He's not a bad guy!!" I said to the police while sobbing.

"James!!!" I cried to James. Wake up you weirdo! Please... wake up...James.

"He's not? He killed a guy and he has a gun. That's a bad guy in our books" The woman who handcuffed me said.

"Who are you?" I asked the woman. "Are you even a Police?" I continued.

"I am. And I am Teri. The one you gave trouble with your teenage rebel nonsense." She replied.

Then I saw James crawling. I was surprised.

[James' POV]

I heard the gunshot. Then I felt my left foot numbing. Then I fell.

"James!!!" I heard Alyssa cry.

Come on James. Pull yourself together! Alyssa needs you!

Then I tried to crawl my way out. Just slowly.

I saw that my left thigh was shot. It was bleeding greatly. I was terrified but now is not the time to be! For Alyssa!

Then someone grabbed me from my back and hand cuffed me.

It was a police.

"Stop struggling boy!" The police said to me.

"I'm not" because I am not.

"I know you're scared but we're the good guys. Just stop struggling"
The police told me again.

"Again. I'm not." I replied.

"Don't raise your voice to the police boy!" He said.

"Huh? Wha-" *slam* Before I finished talking, The police slammed my face in the ground.

The fuck is the problem of this police? He took me up then he'll just slam me again to the ground?

Then I saw Alyssa. I saw her eyes was relieved. Her beautiful eyes.

"I'm alright!" I shouted to her while she was held by a woman at her back.

"James! I-" She didn't finished what she was supposed to say because she is being dragged by the police.

"Get off me! You fucking government worshippers!" Alyssa screaming at the police. Haha typical Alyssa. Always angry with the society.

I didn't realised that I had a smile in my face.

I really thought that this was the end of our fucking world. Well I guess tha-

"Fuck! Ouch!" I shouted.

"What the? Get your hands off my wounds." This creep police is touching my gun wound.

"Shut up Boy! This is an inspection." He said.

"Just take me to a hospital."

2. chapter 2

[James' POV]

It's been 2 days after we've been caught. I've been hospitalized because of my wound.

And nobody visited me yet. I know Alyssa can't visit me but even Dad hasn't paid a visit.

It felt more quieter ... and lonelier.

screeek

The door opened. I saw my Dad's head peeking.

"Oh James!" He greeted me with a smile. Like he always do.

He sat next to me.

"Yeah" I smiled back.

"How're you doing?" Dad asked me.

"I'm okay." Of course I'm not... but Dad is trying hard to not burst to tears and keep himself look happy. I guess I should too.

"How's Alyssa?" I asked Dad.

"Uhhh... The girl?... ahhh.. I.. I-I Don't Know." Dad answered worryly.

"Ahh Also, James. I'm sorry for taking too long to visit you. I had to bring our lawyer here just to have the time to visit you." Dad continued talking.

I know Dad was worried. I think I should apologize .. yeah, I should.

"Dad, I'll tell you something." I said to him.

"Uhhh about that... I'll also tell you something." He said.

"What?" I asked.

"About Alyssa. I'm sorry that I can't tell you how she is, but I just can't go to her and talk to her. Especially that her parents are pissed off about me... and you. And it's also for the best if the two of you don't meet." He said to me with a serious face.

I guess Dad is right. It is for the best.

"So about what you were about to tell me, what is it?" He asked me. Returning to his happy stupid persona.

"Uhhh I was just gonna apo-" I was cut because the door was opening.

It was the police who handcuffed Alyssa. I don't really know her name yet.

"Oh Mr. Phil and Mr. James. Nice to meet the two of you here." She said. What's 'nice' about this?

"I was just going to check on the guard but I found out that your father is here and your lawyer. I guess your Dad had permission to visit you." She continued.

She's acting normal ...and cool... makes me uneasy.

"I'm sorry... What was your name?" I asked.

"Oh How rude of me. I'm Detective Teri, the one handling your case... Well let's cut the bullshit." She said.

I looked at Dad. Then I looked back at her.

"Okay." I answered.

"After your hospitalization. You'll be detained because you are the prime suspect for Clive Koch's murder... and also that includes Alyssa. We didn't detained Alyssa yet because we need to find more evidence to make her a suspect and not another victim... And also, we are waiting for her 18th birthday." She said.

Alyssa didn't do anything with the murder. I was the one who was with the intent to kill. I did what I wanted... but I didn't like it at all..

"No. I was the one who killed the man." I said

"Bloody hell! James what are you doing?!" Dad angrily said

"Like I would believe you." The detective said.

"It's the truth! I kidnapped her." I was becoming more aggressive. I guess Alyssa influenced me.

"Kidnapped? Ha! With your body you couldn't even kidnap a doggy." She said

"But I kidnapped a pussy." I answered cool. I have to act cool to make me more guilty.

"James! It's no time for jokes!" Dad shouted.

"Stop lying. The witnesses... And a footage suggest that Alyssa is a part of your crimes." The detective said.

"It's because I threatened her that I will kill her." I answered back.

"So now you are admitting your crimes to me?" She asked.

"Yes, now you have a stronger chance to lock me up... but you'll make it a more stronger if you make Alyssa a witness. The girl that I kidnapped and threatened to murder." I answered. I have to keep it cool. For Alyssa.

I have to save her from my doings.

"No, I won't take that risk." She replied

"I'm sure that you'll get a big credit after closing this case... the murdered person was a renowned author and professor. Locking me up for good will mean a good raise for you." I continued reasoning with her. I really can't stop now. If I'm protecting Alyssa. I have to do it until the end.

"I'll...uhmm I'll comeback to you soon... with news" She said while walking to the door.

"See you soon James. I guess we'll meet more frequently from now on." She said as she walk outside the door and close it. I wish her dead.

I looked at my Dad who was looking at the floor. He was worried and angry.

"What the fuck James!" He suddenly blurted out.

"Now you'll just throw everything away!!!!... like what your Mum did?!" He continued, and there were tears on his face.

"I'm not like Mum." I replied. Dad looked at me ... with his sad eyes.

"Mum threw everything away for nothing. While I am doing this for Alyssa! ... and me!" I also cried after replying to my dad.

I was ready for a punch from my Dad... but he hugged me instead.

"I misunderstood you for all these years... I guess it's time now for me to understand you. Son... just make sure that this is what you want... Is this what you want?" Dad asked.

"Yes." I replied while hugging him back.

3. chapter 3

[Alyssa's POV]

It's been 3 days since we've been caught... I am locked up here in our house...

I mean their house... Tony's family's house.. which I am not a part of..

..But Mum's here.. I think I should spend some time with her before I'll be locked up in jail. Just a few more days I think.. and then they'll put me into jail.

I wonder how James is...

.. Is he alright?

I know that he is at a hospital.. and I couldn't find a way to sneak out, there are police out of our home... I mean Tony's home.

I also wonder if Dad is in jail now... He's an asshole... I wish he's locked up.

thomp *thomp*

I hear loud thumping outside my door

Then...

"Alyssa.. The Detective's here, She have an important news." Mum said while she hurriedly opened the door.

"What? ... About James?" I asked Mum.

"I don't know. Just go down." Mom closed the door and hurriedly went back down.

Why is she here? Is she locking me up? Well I can't wait. I have to get out of here.

I went down and the detective and Mum was talking seriously. I

really think they'll be locking me up now.

I really wish.

"Alyssa.. don't just stand there, sit down here." Mum said.

"Fine." I replied to her.

I sat down next to Mum ... and looked at the detective, she was serious...

Then she smiled... what? Why?

She makes me uneasy

"Uhm Detective Teri has a good news for you." Mum lightened up and smiled to me.

"What?" I was puzzled.. Is James and me off the hook? Are we not going to lock us up? That's better!.

"Ahh Mrs. Gwen.. I guess I should be the one telling her this..." She said to Mum.

"Alyssa.. you could be off the hook.. just help us." She looked at me and said this.

"What? I can't understand..." I was quite troubled here.

The detective looked at Mum then looked back at me.

"James have admitted his crimes. All we need now is a prime witness. And that is you." She said to me.

What? James admitted his crimes? ...

But we did those things together... I was the one who convinced him to join... I was the one who made him kill the guy... I was the one who did those crimes.. He just protected me...and now he's still protecting me?! No! I can't let him do that anymore!

"No!! I don't want to be a witness! Because I am not one!" I shouted at her and ran towards my room..

Shit! I have to cry now... why james?! ... why!?

[Gwen's POV] (Alyssa's Mum)

I was told by the detective that Alyssa can evade any prosecution if she becomes a witness... but I knew Alyssa doesn't want to be a witness...

But this is for her sake...

I have to do something.

"Uhm Detective Teri." I called out the detective before she leave.

"What is it Mrs. Gwen? ...If your daughter doesn't want to be a witness... we have to press charges on her." She replied.

"What if she wants to be a witness? I'll change her mind and I'll try everything." I will do everything for Alyssa's sake.

"I'll give you time. Just make sure that she changes her mind before the trial starts against Mr. James." She said to me while walking out the door.

"I will change her mind. I'll make sure of it." I'm quite happy that she's saved.

"Just report at our office... So I can put her under the witness protection program." She shouted as she started the engine and drove off.

Alyssa has finally a chance... I just wish she doesn't blew it.

[Alyssa's POV]

I wish James was here to cuddle me...

. No! I am angry at him!

He admitted a crime that he hasn't done!

"UGGH!!!" I screamed in frustration while crying.

Why James?! What are you thinking!?

Why would you do this to me?

Well I won't change my mind.

If he's going to jail then I will also too.

Nothing will change my mind.

Nothing!

knock *knock*

Urggh! Someone's knocking at my door...

Probably Mum.

"I told you Mum! I don't want to be a witness!" I scream at her.

"I know dear... Just please consider it." She said while trying to open the door.

"I won't Mum!"

"Just please open the door. Let's talk about this!" Mum replied while banging on the door.

"Alyssa! Hey!... Open the Door!!!" Mum angrily continued.

"I won't!" I replied to her.

"Alyssa! For once! ...Please don't be selfish!" Mum cried and left.

I don't know what to do. I have the chance to get away with it... but what about James? ... but he already admitted the crime just by himself...

I don't care...

I'll be locked up ... because I want to be.

4. chapter 4

[James' POV]

Here I am stuck at a wheelchair. In the lobby of my current hospital.

Waiting for my papers for release because for some reason ... They are quite excited in transferring me to the Detention Area.

"Okay... your papers are already done" said by our lawyer, Attorney Shaw.

"Where's Dad?" I asked Atty. Shaw.

"For some reason... He can't accompany us. But don't worry. I am here to be with you until you are transferred." He said while putting on reading glasses to read the release papers.

I was quietly waiting there... when suddenly a police pushed my wheelchair. He quite pushed me hard I nearly fell.

"Come on. Your transfer papers is already done. Move it." The police said.

"Well... if I am not handicapped... I could get 'moving' .." I answered sarcastically.

"Hahahahaha! you make me laugh kid." The police sarcastically replied too.

"Just be gentle to the boy!" Atty. Shaw said to the police.

I was quite terrified on how the detention area would be like. Would the people there be a bunch of brutal murderers?... well technically I am a murderer too.

I just wish they'll leave me alone.

I imagined how could I defend myself if the other jailed people there attack me... should I slash their necks?...

That's a bad idea.

We finally got outside of the hospital.. After 5 days of being hospitalised, I got a breath of fresh air... I mean a breath of polluted urban air.

"Come on now.. get inside." The police said to me.

"What?... Am I gonna crawl to get inside?" I answered back. It's true though..

How the bloody hell would a guy like me get inside the car.. if I'm not able to walk?

"Just assist him ...please" Atty. Shaw pleaded to the police

"Fine!" The police answered while assisting me to get inside the police car.

The police closed the door and quickly go to driver's seat.

"So James... We'll convoy you until we get to the Detention area." Atty. Shaw said.

"When we get there... I still need to work on some legal documents." He continued while talking to me through the window.

"A convoy? Come on.. we don't need a babysitter." The police said while he sarcastically smiled at Atty. Shaw.

"A babysitter? ... Me? .. I hate to break it to you but you're the one who has a handicapped boy in his car.. you're the one babysitting." Atty. Shaw replied to the police... well he has a point.

"What a comeback." I whispered to Atty. Shaw.

"Well, If you're a lawyer.. you'll get used to this stuff." He said to me.

"Stop blubbering back there. We need to go!" The police said while starting the car.

"Okay." I said.

The police started the car and I saw Atty. Shaw get to his car and followed our car.

I also wondered about Atty. Shaw, he's quite a funny guy. In fact that was our first full conversation. I've known him since I was young.

Dad was having troubles with legal issues after Mum passed away. Then we had Atty. Shaw's help... He helped us a lot. I just don't know him much yet.

As days past. I realised that I didn't think much about Alyssa. I just remember her everytime I go to sleep at night.

I wonder if she accepted the 'witness' proposal to her.

Probably not. She's hardheaded and prideful... I miss her.

I think about things as the car drove off along the road.

5. chapter 5

[Alyssa's POV]

It's so fuckin' boring in here! I got nobody to talk to.. After Mum and me got into an argument because I don't want to be a witness, we didn't talked at each other again..

I wonder why they didn't locked me up yet? .. Are they still hoping that I will be a witness? .. That's never going to happen.

I'm here at the kitchen. Making a sandwich. I'm quite getting hungry...

then suddenly...

"Alyssa... aren't you tired of here yet?" Tony suddenly talked.

"I'm bored in here." I replied to him then faced him.

"Then why don't you turn over yourself to the police? So you could give me, your mum and OUR twins peace." He said angrily.

"Tony..." Mum said trying to calm Tony down.

"Honestly I can't fuckin' wait for that time!" I shouted at Tony.

"Ohh me too! I'll throw a party when that happens!" He shouted back at me.

I ran towards my room and locked me inside it. I laid back at my bed for awhile ...

I wish James was here...

No! I wish we were able to get on that boat. And never bene found again.

It could have been much happier...

Urrghh!

I fucking hate Tony!!!!

I need to get out of here...

I looked outside my window and opened it... There is a tall tree. I think I can use it..

I climbed unto the tree and sneak into the garden. There is a police car outside. But the police inside is sleeping...

What a prick. Wasting our taxes just to slack off... Eating donuts and getting overweight...

Wait... I think that sounds a bit more american

I sneaked towards the dark alley... and just walked quietly. It's still boring.

I walked for a couple of minutes..

I passed a mini store.. well I guess a snack won't hurt.

I went inside the store and looked for a good snack..

"What's yours dear?" The old grandma cashier asked me.

"Just a snack." I answered.

"Well we're closing in an hour or less." She said.

"Yeah. Okay." I said and just grabbed a pop. There's nothing much in this store anyway.

"Here you go." I said while handing my pop to the cashier.

"You seem familiar dear" She said.

"Really? Maybe because we're from the same neighborhood?" I replied to the cashier.

"Don't be rude dear... I just feel like I've seen you from the news in the t.v." She explained while handing my pop back to me.

From the news? Well that explains a lot.. I was a criminal after all..

"Just keep the change." I said to the cashier and walked outside the door.

I continued walking through the alley and saw a colorful canvas laying down at a wall. I picked it up and continue my walk.

"Hey Kid! That's mine!" Somebody at the other side of the alley shouted.

I walked closer to the man who shouted. He was an old guy with a brush and a bit of a paint in his face.

"This? Are you sure?" I asked.

"Yes. I'm sure kid." He said while pointing to his brush.

"Isn't it obvious? I have a brush.. that clearly is my canvas" He continued.

"Then why was it across the alley?" I asked him.

"I was just drying it up because the sunset was facing there.. I forgot it was there...You know kid? Just give it to me." He said.

Well this canvas has no use to me anyway. So I just gave it back.

He sat down again and got a new clean canvas and started painting again.

"Are you a drifter?" I asked him... well you can't blame me.. he wore untidy clothes.

"No. I'm a street painter" He answered

I sat down near him.

"So you are a drifter?" I asked again.

"You know what? ... Yes. Just shut up for a while frickin' kid" He said while focusing on his canvas.

I just stayed there for awhile and looked at his canvas.

It's been a few minutes.. but I don't mind.. It's kinda entertaining to watch an old man paint.

"It's getting late kid.. Aren't you going home?" He asked.

"I have no home." I answered him.

"Well... a house then?" He asked again.

I didn't answered anymore and just continued watching him paint.

"I wanted to become a legendary painter who you will see in your text books, that's why I left home... but I ended up as a street dweller." He said.

"Well... I find street dwelling as legendary.. I think it's not boring." I replied.

"It sure is not." He quickly said.

"You'll met a lot of stray cats." He continued and laughed.

I also laughed. This old man ain't that bad.

clank

I looked at the store I went before. It was closing.

"Shit! It's already an hour?" I was surprised.. it's been that long?

"Yeah.. I already dried my painting" The old man said.

"Go home now." He continued.

And I quickly stood and ran back to Tony's house..

I was quite happy running home.. It was the same feeling of running away with James..

Adrenaline is flushing through my veins..

I should not be caught sneaking out.

I sneaked at the garden again and quickly climbed at the tree..

I sneaked to the window and quickly went to bed.

I think I'll be able to sleep now... it's been days since I had a full sleep. Finally...

Goodnight James .. see you in my dreams.

6. chapter 6

[James' POV]

We've finally arrived at the Detention Area.. It was quite big, but have really small number of guards.

We've entered the building and went to a room.

I stayed in the interrogation room for a while.

I was getting bored... and afraid.

Then the door was opening.

It was Dad.

"Oh Sorry James.. I didn't accompany you in your transfer." He said with a smile.

"It's alright." I answered back.

"Where were you?" I continued.

"Uhm.. I... went to your Mum's grave...you know.. just visiting her." He answered with a smile.

But I know that he's miserable now... I can see through his eyes.

"Oh Mr. Phil! You're finally here!" Atty. Shaw entered the room and greeted Dad.

"I need you to sign this... then Mr. James will be handed to them after." He continued while handing a paper to Dad.

Dad read the paper and signed it afterwards.

He looked at me and stood. He pat me in my back and said..

"You'll be fine son.. I know you'll be." He said while patting my back.

"I'll visit you everyday." He continued.

After that.. He went outside with Atty. Shaw.

Then after a couple of minutes.. a police entered the room and took my handcuff off..

"Come on now.. you'll be excited to meet your jailmate." He said

"More like terrified." I replied while being pushed in my wheelchair to get outside of the room to my jail cell.

"Why did they handcuffed me in the first place?... It's not like I can go anywhere." I asked the police.

"Well I don't know... they're just assholes I guess." He said while pushing my wheelchair.

"So you're a good police?" I asked.

"Yes. You can say that with my angelic face." He replied joking.

We finally stopped in front of cell #19.

The police handed me a staff and assisted me to get down the wheelchair and helps me stand-up.

It was painful... but I can get used to it.

"You can't use the wheelchair here .. so use the staff, even if it's painful." The nice police said.

He opened the jail cell bars and assisted me inside.

There was a parallel bed at each side of the cell. There was a huge man in the other.

I slowly went to the other bed and sat down.

"Hey Murphy!" The police shouted at the sleeping man.

"Ohh?" The man, who is my jailmate, was startled.

"Be good to your new roommate." The police said as he walked away.

The man just looked at me and went back to bed without a word

I didn't said a word. I just fixed my pillow.

I was about to go to bed, when I saw a paper under the pillow.

It's a letter.. with a name 'Amanda' on it.

I looked at the sleeping man and looked back to the paper I was holding.

I was scared to wake him up again...

But surely this thing looks important.

But do I want to die here? I'm sure Alyssa will just laugh at my funeral if she knew I died in my first day of jail time.

But this ain't mine?

Fuck!!!!

"Uhhh sir? Is this yours?" I asked nervously.

"What?!" The man shouted standing up from his bed.

"This letter... is this yours ...sir?" I continued.

He looked at the paper for a while...

The angry look in his face went away.. he looked normal now.

"Oh yes It's mine!" He said and quickly grabbed the paper.

"Okay sir." I replied and went to bed.

I closed my eyes for a while.

"Thank you kid. I was looking for this for awhile. ...and stop calling me 'sir' .. It's Murphy." He said suddenly and head back to bed.

"You're welcome Murphy" I replied.

What a stressful tiring day.

Then suddenly the face of Alyssa flashed in my memory.

I smiled for a bit.

Then I unconsciously teared up.

Ohh how far have we fallen...Alyssa??